

The Virgins Constancy; Or the Faithfull Marriner,  
 Who proved most loyall, though he seem'd a Fariner:  
 'Tis a gallant new Ditty 'twixt *William* and *Kathern*,  
 Their true lovs for young ones may serve for a pattern.

The time is, Loves, Tide, or, Wert thou more fairer.



**H**ard hap had I, poor harmlesse Maid,  
 Thus by the Fates to be betray'd,  
 My Loyall Friend, whose constant love,  
 No tortures great could e'r remove,  
 Was forc'd from me for to depart,  
 Yet he alone enjoys my heart.

My cruell friends incontinent  
 Did work our woe and discontent  
 Cause I was rich and he but poore,  
 They hated him I know therefore,  
 His Love was more then my desert,  
 And he alone, &c.

When we engaged were by Oath,  
 And plighted had a faithfull Troth,  
 For to be married out of hand,  
 But when my Friends did understand,  
 They forced him away to part,  
 Yet he alone, &c.

They keepe me as a Bird in Cage,  
 And make my House their Hermitage,  
 With Iron Bars and Bolts so strong,

That we endured double wrong:  
 Which did increase our woe and smart,  
 But he alone, &c.

Because the Fates had thus decreed,  
 He to the Ocean sayl'd with speed,  
 Where he remaineth for my sake,  
 But will no other Sweet-heart take:  
 Heavens be thy guide where e'r thou art  
 For he alone, &c.

The gaping Quicksands would devour  
 My Loyall Friend each day and hour,  
 But Heaven protect still and defend,  
 My faithfull Love unto the end:  
 That he may play a Lovers part,  
 For he alone, &c.

But if grim Death hath stole his Life,  
 And hindred me to be his Wife,  
 I with the Finis of my breath,  
 To meet with him although in death:  
 Yet if grim Death hath spar'd his Dart,  
 He shall enjoy my Love-sick heart,

## The second Part, to the same tune.



**M**eruell Friends who did disturb,  
True Lovers vows with fatal curb  
Are Mortuvs (st, all dead, and I  
Obtain again my Liberty:  
Yet live in Prison full of smart,  
Unlesse my friend enjoy my heart.

When she had warbled forth this Song,  
How they had suffered so much wrong,  
Her Love came home, and stood to hear  
The Maiden sing her solemn Queire,  
How he was supream of her heart,  
Wherefore he thus began his part.

His Answer.

Arise my Love, open the Dore,  
And bid me welcome to the Shore,  
Now fortunes frowns are turn'd to smiles  
I find her brest is full of wiles:  
Though all things frowns and angry be,  
Yet I will live and dye with thee.

Thou art alone my Beauties Starre,  
In thee my joyes and blisses are,  
My thoughts Ipe rowling with thine eyes  
My heart must be a Sacrifice:  
Unlesse my dearest Love you'l be,  
For I must live and dye with thee.



I've brought thee home most costly things  
Rare precious Stones, & diamond Kings,  
Rich Tassities, and Silks so fine,  
To deck my Love, for thou art mine:  
As thou art mine so thine Ile be,  
And ever live and dye with thee.

Maid,

Is this the voice of my Sweet Will?  
Whose faithfull love is constant still,  
Then welcome home, what blisse is this  
That faithfull Lovers now may kisse?  
In heart I long'd thy face to see,  
That I might live, &c.

Man.

I'm come again, my dearest Kate,  
Who went from the through force of hate  
But now forgetting sorrows past,  
We may enjoy true love at last:  
The Gordian knot in fine to tyē,  
In love and peace to live and dye.



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